

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny Boy,
The pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen,
And down the mountain side,
The summer's gone,
And all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you
Must go and I must bide

But come back when
The summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hush'd
And white with snow.
It's I'll be there
In sunshine or in shadow
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy,
I love you so!

But when ye come,
And all the flowr's are dying
If I am dead,
As dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find
The place where I am lying
And kneel and say
An Ave there for me

And I shall hear,
Though soft you tread above me
And all my grave
Will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend

And tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace
Until you come to me!